THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Continued from Page 150.)

THE Jesuit could not hear this relation without weeping: he did not endeavour to console the young savage; he did not tell him to dry up his tears, but shed some with him, and Camire's ceased to flow, that he might wipe away those of the worthy old man.

Maldonado's paternal affection soon won the heart of the sensible Camire. He studied at his school, and learned to read and write with astonishing facility. The pious misionary spoke to him on the subject of religion, and described it according to his own feelings. His eloquence, which flowed from the soul, soon reached that of his pupil, who easily believed the good father's words, because he saw him daily put them in practice: he accompanied him to the hospital, to the poor and the sick, when seated on the bed of disease; Maldonado calmed the grief of the unfortunate by his consolatory discourse. But when he shared with the Indians his frugal repast, and even his clothing, and the young savage admired his charity, 'My son,' would the Jesuit exclaim, 'this is not sufficient, my god is the father of the poor, of the orphan, of the afflicted; they are his favourite children, it is thus we must assist each other, if we wish to please him.

Charmed with these divine precepts, and impatient to follow so pleasing an example, Camire asked to be baptized. This desire filled the misionary's breast with joy, and he flew to acquaint the Governor with it. Pedreras offered to stand god-father to the converted American; all the Spaniards made him presents, and the Jesuit busied himself in endeavouring to insure an independency to his new proselyte.

The credit and consideration which Maldonado enjoyed in the colony, and even in spain, insured him an easy means of procuring Camire various situations. At sixteen his education was finished, and the Jesuit's pupil learned more than most of the colonists. He understood Latin, was well acquainted with mathematics, well read in history and poetry, as well as all Spanish works of celebrity. His intelligent mind had profited

by what he had read; he loved books, and understood them well, and often culled more real philosophy from them, than the author himself professed.

Maldonado, whom he astonished by his genius, spoke to him seriously on the necessity of choosing a profession which would lead him to fortune; he proposed to him the study of the law, the army, or commerce, and with his usual indulgence, left him a free choice. Camire thus replied:

'The only error of which I find you guilty, my father! is that of believing that fortune, which you so often mention, can be necessary to my happiness. I know very well from what I have read, and from the information you have given me concerning Europe, where the whole of nature's gifts only belong to a small part of its inhabitants; where the poor are condemned to serve the rich, to be allowed the right of breathing the air, and feeding on the fruits of the earth—I can easily conceive that in that country, every means are employed, just or unjust, to leave the extensive class of those who possess nothing, to become a member of the one that enjoys every thing. But look around you, my father! look at these almost unbounded plains, where the maize, the ananas, and a crowd of other salubrious plants grow before our eyes, almost without cultivation: look at those immense forests, filled with cocoa trees, pomegranate, lemon, and citron trees, and many other delicious fruits, which nature creates with less trouble than you have in repeating their names; all those belong to me, I may enjoy them; and the population of Paraguay will not for a long time be sufficiently great for men to divide this extensive country, name a master for each spot of land, and deprive their successors of the gifts of nature.

'As to those employments which I know not for what reason you call profession, I will frankly confess that none of those you described, pleased me. I do not like your laws, insufficient, uncertain, and often contradictory; of all the books you have made me read, it is these I have found the most tedious; and as we never acquire well what we dislike, I will not learn them, nor waste my time as many have done. War makes me shudder. I admire, I love the courageous man, who, if his wife, his children, or country be attacked, takes up arms, and braves death in defence of his brethren: that man is not a warrior, as he is erroneously called in your country, he is a man of peace and justice, for he defends the one and the other. But for me, born a Guarani, to engage my life to sell my blood to the king of Spain, to ravage the earth, or destroy men, according to his will! no, my father, the religion you have taught me prohibits this, and I have yet to learn how your Spaniards accord this

profession with their duties as Christians.

'Commerce at first pleased me; I thought it charitable and agreeable to cross the sea, and spend one's life in labour and danger, to carry distant nations the assistance they stand in need of, to share with the large family of mankind, the gifts of our common father; but, upon further investigation, I discovered the motives which actuated this charity, I discovered that the honestest merchants did not scruple to give savages deadly weapons, and to intoxicate them with strong liquors, to conclude their bargains to advantage. In short, I have seen them bring Africans from their own country, and here expose them for sale in the market-place, like cattle!—Sell our brethren!—Oh! my father, this is galling commerce!—My friend! I will not be a merchant!

'Let me then remain what I am. You may smile, and make me understand I am nothing; but I assure you I am something, and something tolerably good and tolerably happy; thanks to thy care, I enjoy health, a good conscience, and am prepared at this instant to appear before the God of mercy, and the only regret I should feel, would be that of leaving you. Innocence, my father! is an excellent profession; allow me to have no other. Beside you, I want for nothing, and if I had the misfortune to lose you, I would return to my woods, there our trees would afford me satisfaction, and thy memory would detain me in the paths of virtue. Let me then enjoy in peace the happiness you have bestowed upon me. We have perused many large books on what men denominate felcity. I could form a little treatise, which might be reduced to these two lines:—To preserve the heart in its native purity, and to know how to renounce those things which are of little consequence."

Maldonado was at a loss for a reply to his young philosopher's arguments. He agreed that the disciple had surpassed the master, and smiling, asked Camire to instruct him in his turn. But it was ordained that this wisdom should soon be put to the test.

A few months previous to this conversation, a ship from Cadiz had brought to the Assumption, a young niece of the Governor's, whom her father, Don Manuel. Pedreras's younger brother, had left a portionless orphan. Her relations thought the best way of getting rid of the incumbrance of a poor girl, was to send her to America, where her uncle had the reputation of being rich. Pedreras received her with more surprise than joy; he was at first tempted to send her back to her other relations in Spain, but Maldonado's representations prevented him; he contented himself with making them some very severe reproaches for having troubled him with

her, and consented, through a forced humanity, to allow his brother's only child to remain in his house.

It will naturally be imagined that the young lady did not enjoy much happiness with Pedreras; she well knew, and every day observed that she was a weighty burden. Trembling with the fear of irritating her uncle, certain of displeasing him, she kept a strict watch over her smallest actions, paid the most minute attention to his commands, and thought herself extremely happy when she escaped being rebuked. She had just attained her sixteenth year, and was called Angelina, and truly worthy of that name, by her beauty, elegance, amiable disposition, and more particularly by the qualities of her heart, which were inestimable.

It was impossible to see her, without feeling an affection for her, those who loved her dared not confess it; her pure soul was devoid of vanity, and the sentiment she inspired, was so nearly allied to virtue, that it might be thought one in those who experienced it.

Angelina often sought the solitude of the country. Profiting by the liberty which the colonists enjoyed, followed by a servant, she walked out every evening to contemplate the face of nature, [illegible]athe the perfume of flowers, li[illegible]n to the birds' songs, and admire the setting sun. These were her only pleasures, and sufficed her mild and placid soul, always quick at appreciating the good, and satisfied with her condition.

In her walks she had often remarked a young man, who each day at the same hour repaired to a certain spot, where he remained kneeling for a considerable time, and afterwards returned to the town. Angelina, who had little curiosity, had avoided meeting him; but one evening, as she was returning home later than usual, and passed near the spot, a monstrous serpent, of the species called hunters, so common in Paraguay, raised its head above the long grass, and hissing with threatening rage, sprung towards Angelina. The terrified girl screamed aloud, her attendant ran away with all possible haste, and she attempted to follow her; but the serpent pursued her, gained ground, and had nearly reached her, when Camire appeared, holding a leathern sling, the use of which the Peruvians so skilfully understand. He threw the running knot at the reptile's head, then flying with extreme swiftness, dragged with him the strangled monster.

Angelina had fainted. Camire approached, assisted her, and recalled her senses; he then supported her tottering frame till she arrived at her uncle's dwelling, received her grateful thanks with blushes, and left her experiencing a mixture of anxiety and confusion, which he had never before felt.

He immediately repaired to Maldonado, to acquaint him with what had happened. The joy the good father felt at Angelina's escape, the interest he took in her fate, and all the praises he bestowed on her, augmented Camire's confusion. While listening, he appeared wrapped in thought, and passed a sleepless night. The next morning he asked the Jesuit, with some embarrassment, whether it would not be proper for them to wait on the Governor, to inquire after his niece's health. Maldonado agreed, and they repaired to the house. Pedreras received them with much politeness, re-assured them respecting Angelina's health, and invited them to spend the day. The young Guarani again saw the fair Spaniard, conversed freely with her, and inhaled on all sides the consuming flames of love.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO TAME A TURBULENT HUSBAND.

A tale of the fifteenth Century.

A TRADESMAN, who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. 'Stop,' said she, 'I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage-contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it.' Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. 'Get out of my house,' said he, 'and let us share our goods.' 'Readily,' said she, 'I am willing to leave you;' and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never was man in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: 'My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your

health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now, you are so outrageous.' In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighbouring gossips, to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tattlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands, so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk*, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 10.

From the

WORKS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

THERE is no such thing as an original character to be found in the world, especially among women. Men, who are less watched, more independent, more enlightened, retain more perfectly the primitive and varied forms of nature, which are almost all effaced among women, both morally and phisically. The restraints of education and of custom enslave their character, as they compress and deform their figure and feet. Would you know a woman, only enquire what kind of education she has received, in what company she has lived, and who are her intimate connexions. How is it possible to be passionately in love with an object of which you cannot, ought not to form any opinion except from accessary circumstances, and which is nothing individually?

A JUSTLY irritated husband has two methods of punishing a guilty wife: he may confine her, or by a public separation divulge her dishonour. In the latter case he delivers her up to the justice of society, by which she is infallibly rejected, unless she finds in some illustrious and distinguished family the most zealous and the most ardent protectors. In this situation, if the unfortunate creature retains any sense of shame, she will bury her disgrace and regret in some remote province. But if the passions that led her astray have degraded her soul, she will not leave Paris; she will audaciously brave the public contempt; she will render herself completely odious, by exciting the indignation and aversion which effrontery and perverse-

ness never fail to inspire. She must, however, have a society; she wishes it to be numerous, and she cannot now be difficult in her choice. She connects herself with all those females, who, like her, are excluded from good company; she sees many others who were never admitted into it. In a word, she spends her life in three or four houses that are justly despised; she assumes the tone which prevails there, and is distinguished only for a malice equal to her immorality. To revenge herself on the world by which she is proscribed, she fabricates calumnies that cost her nothing. She strives to convince others that those women who refuse to see her, are characteless as despicable as herself; and she defames all, without distinction and without reserve.

THE pith of the following toast, (which we suppose must have been drank at an association of schoolmasters) deserves notice:—"The fair daughters of Maine; may they *add* virtue to beauty; *substract* envy from friendship; *multiply* amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper; *divide* time by sociability and economy, and *reduce* scandal to its lowest denomination."

A gentleman had lately occasion to call on an acquaintance, and enquiring of an Irish servant if his master was at home, was answered in the negative. 'When will he return?' *asked the gentleman.* 'Faith, (says paddy) when my master gives orders to say that he is not home, it is impossible to say when he will return."

A LUNATIC, in Bedlam, was asked how he came to be there. He answered—by a dispute! 'What dispute?' 'Why,' said he, 'the world said I was mad—I said the world was mad, and they out-voted me!'

PATHETIC.

WHEN the arm of a tender wife pillows the head of a faithful husband, when she wipes from his brow the dew of dissolving nature, when eye meets eye, and in mute eloquence announces the throbbing of an agonizing heart; then it is the victor of the world surrounds us with a scene that humanity wants fortitude to sustain.

When you *must* yield, do it gracefully—when you must persist, do it courageously—when you must reject, respect the feelings of those who suffer, and preserve your own from sufferance.

Prudence and good behaviour are like small change, always in use. Learning may be compared to bank-notes.

From Correspondents.

MR. EDITOR,

I have lately arrived in town from a remote part of the country upon a visit to one of my relations, and as my curiosity is much raised about one thing, I have no doubt you will condescend to gratify it. I observe gentlemen at eight or nine o'clock at night running about town with large military hats on, called *chapeaux brats* or *chapeaux bras*, and have been told they were going to balls or tea parties. Pray, sir, please to inform me if they ever carry *muskets* to these places.

DEBORAH FAIRFIELD.

SIR,

As you concern yourself very much about the welfare of fashionable people, I hope you will notice an inconvenience which has given me infinite uneasiness. The pavement in Broadway is broken in so many places that it is impossible to walk over it with any kind of convenience, or even safety. Not long since I sprained my ancle by stepping into one of the cavities, and in going to parties in rainy weather have twice so villainously bespattered my white silk stockings with net work clocks, and my yellow breeches, that I have twice been obliged to turn home and make such change as my wardrobe would allow..... Similar accidents have befallen some of my worthiest friends, one of whom in particular has suffered an actual dislocation. Do, sir, I beseech you, make use of your whole influence with their worships, the mayor, aldermen, and commonalty of the city, to get Broadway new paved, or its cavities filled with supportable materials.

Your humble servant,

GREGORY WATER.

Mr. Water is informed that the manifest evil of which he complains, has heretofore occupied our most ponderous consideration..... Should we be unsuccessful with the corporation, we have thoughts of bringing the matter before the legislature.

SIR,

I earnestly desire your counsel in a matter of great weight.... Several months back I have been endeavouring to get into the first company, and for this purpose have been put to great expenditures, but all to no effect. Not being able to get into the boarding houses of greatest note, I was obliged to roost at a plain dwelling. But here, sir, I conform to fashion as nearly as I can. After dinner I always sit at table for several hours, and dispatch a bottle of claret because fashionable usage has determined its gentility, and because it fills a man with luminous cogitation, and that dauntless heroism, which is necessary to encounter the observation of public assemblies.

In the morning it is my practice

to take a lounge in Broadway. As I pass the ladies, I glance at them with a mingled smile, expressive of admiration of their beauty, and submission to its power, and utter some compliment, with sufficient emphasis to indicate my sincerity, and sufficient vociferation to make it heard. In the evening I resort to every ball at which I can gain admission, walk up and down the room in the intervals between the dances with manful countenance, and am always first and foremost when any accident happens, as the falling of spermacetti from the chandeliers upon the floor, or in case of any *embarras* among the gentlemen, by which I acknowledge myself to have received much pugnacular incivihty. But my favorite nocturnal amusement is the theatre. This I regularly frequent three times a week, always take a conspicuous seat, permit no piece of fine acting to pass without exclamatory admiration, and between the acts I stand on the front bench that I may be seen nearly at *full length*. Once, perhaps, self flattery made me suppose that my person, if conspicuously exhibited, would alone convince people of my undaunted bloodism ; but, sir, I have been seen enough, and to the discredit of this age, have not as yet been admitted to the stylish circles. Please to let me know by what other means this beau-generation must be wrought on.

HARRY HAPLESS.

MR. EDITOR,

Please to let the pretty and very mischevious girls who read your miscellany know, that I wish them a happy new year, and that I am altogether purposed to make one of them my wife before the end of the next solar revolution. I have lately purchased a *chapeaux bras*, and am not certain but I shall procure a pair of military boots, and it is possible a black stock and a dirk, all which I may usually wear.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

Some of the most approved writers on love and marriage I have attentively read, so that I hope to be able to prove by solid argument, that matrimony is positively an agreeable thing ; and I am perusing the *Wild Irish Girl*, and from this book hope to be enabled to discourse with all the bewitching eccentricity of romance.

LEMUEL CONJUX.

DEAR SIR,

A few evenings ago at a ball, I observed a gentleman eying me attentively from the opposite side of the room. Allow me through the medium of your paper to inform him that a letter directed to S. D. post paid, will be duly attended to.

SARAH DOWNCOE.

DECORUM.

Decorum consists in a constant respect, in public and in the presence of witnesses, for religion, probity, the laws and customs generally received, when they have nothing in them contrary to morality. Virtue and love of order naturally lead to the observation of the rules of decorum ; taste alone would be sufficient to cause them to be followed. To shake off the yoke of decorum is an argument of a disposition to vice or impertinence ; it proves contempt of general opinions, contempt of the public.

Princes and women, must in particular, be the slaves of decorum.

HAPPINESS.

To be happy it is necessary to direct our thoughts more to the advantages we possess than to those we hope for ; to subdue our impatience, and set limits to our desires. Without moderation nothing can be really enjoyed.

BENEFICENCE.

To relieve the distressed is the greatest happiness man can enjoy in this life.

The love of humanity is the most disinterested of sentiments, and the more extensive and diffused it is, the more it is sublime. If a man divests himself of all his property in behalf of a person he loves, it is a noble and praise worthy action, for it is a magnanimous sacrifice ; but if he gives all that he possesses to the wretched, to whom he is attached by no particular sentiment but compassion ; if he devotes his life to their service, deprives himself for their sake of a thousand pleasures, treats them like beloved children only because they are needy and distressed ; this is the effect of a virtue truly heroic, truly divine. Beneficence, carried to such a height, may be justly denominated a passion ; but it is a passion very different from every other, since it is absolutely disinterested, since it produces only sublime actions, and finally since it is inspired by God himself, for without religion it is impossible to attain that admirable degree of perfection.

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VIRTUE.

Virtue in its utmost purity is simple, sublime, natural, without vanity, without ostentation, and finds in itself alone its glory and its reward.

The coldest and even the hardest hearts cannot forbear to admire virtue. But they confine themselves to this involuntary and sterile homage, while virtuous souls burn with desire to imitate what they admire.

From the Guardian.

A MEMORANDUM.

Sunday, December 13, 1807.—Half after 7, A. M. waked—laid till bells rung for 8 o'clock—got up and eat a cold breakfast after all the rest of the family had eaten—walked to the street door—a rainy morning.—Bells ring 9 o'clock—go to my room again—read last week's gazette—smoked a cygar. Lifted my bible, and read a chapter in '*Solomon's Songs.*'—Ten o'clock—bells ringing for church, spent the time till dinner, *in cracking nuts, smoking cygars, &c.* Half after 12, dinner—after dinner drank my friend Tom's health in a glass of *cyder*—1 o'clock P. M. dinner removed—returned to my room—then went again to the street door—rains yet. Bless me!—Saw a gentleman, by the help of his *Suwarrows*, take up a lady under his arm and carry her over a mud-hole—returned to my room—took up an *almanack*, and read it—Tumbled a quarto twice through without reading the title page.—My friend Whimsical visited me—we spent an hour together in chatting upon the fashions of the time; but happening to differ in opinion about the length of a *fashionable watch-chain*, and the number of *seals* and *keys* to be worn upon it, he got into a pet, and left me—and if he had staid till doom's day, I should have maintained that no man, whether he is a *beau* or not, ought to wear more than *twelve inches* of his watch-chain *below* his jacket; or to wear more trinkets on it than will weigh *half a pound.*—When he was gone I meditated for half an hour on the *folly of fashion*—looked at my watch—four o'clock, took up a volume of the 'Albany Centinel'—read *part* of half a dozen pieces, till my lady informed us tea was ready—5 o'clock, *Buckwheats*, as big as the bottom of a half peck measure—devilish *indigestible!*—eat some less than a *baker's dozen* of them—went to the street door again—stood on the threshold half an hour—too muddy to venture from there—returned—read an hour in the "Philadelphia Repository, and Weekly Register"—devilish entertaining—don't you think so too?—Half past 6 o'clock heard my friend P—— swear that he had seen a lady walk over the *tops of her shoes in mud*, to get to the church that afternoon—walked the room ten minutes, to increase the action of my stomach, the better to digest the *buckwheats*—feel a pain in my stomach!—wish I had not eat those devilish things—from 7 till 9 spent in reading 'Pope's essay on Man"—the rest of the time till half after ten in conversing on the *Shaking Quakers, &c.* went to bed without supper, and what was worse—without saying a *prayer.* So good night to you, my friend.

P. C.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MIRROR OF SELIMA.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

Among the beautiful ladies that graced the court of the renowned Caliph Haroun Alraschid, no one was more distinguished by that monarch, and his amiable consort, Zobiede, than the fair Selima. She was the only daughter of the grand Vizar Giaffar. Her form was majestic and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon, her complexion was almost as fair as that of the Houri, and her breath possessed greater fragrance than the spicy groves of Delhi. In a word, Bagdad resounded with her encomiums. Selima was young, and but newly presented in public: yet she had received so much adulation and (to say the truth) admiration, that her head was almost turned, and she began to fancy herself equal to the daughters of paradise. Yet Selima possessed a good heart and an excellent understanding; but her passions often deprived her of her reason, and led her to commit extravagancies which, in cooler moments, she would have blushed to think of. Such was the daughter of Giaffar. It was her misfortune to lose her mother, the wise and prudent Abassah, at the time when she most needed her admonitions and instructions. She resembled the tender shrubs which grow at the foot of mount Taurus, which, while they cling to the towering palm-trees for support, bloom luxuriant and strong; but without that aid, they become weak and fragile, and a blast of wind levels them with the earth. Thus fared it with Selima. The good and wise Giaffar was too attentive to the interests of his master, the Caliph, to pay proper consideration to his daughter, who, left to the care of dependant slaves, gave free loose to her inclinations, and indulged in the utmost extravagance. No one was better known to the jewellers and mercers of Bagdad than the princess Selima, since no one was more liberal. Her raven tresses were studded with pearls of the greatest value, and the most costly jewels glittered in her vest. No unfortunate person, no wretched slave, ever implored her compassion in vain, but here she erred, since all were alike relieved, whether their distress was real or fictitious. Selima could not spare time to enquire into such things, and consequently she became an encourager of idleness and clamour. As no one pleased Zobeide more than Selima, her time was principally occupied in attending the Sultana's palace; here her beauty met with almost universal homage, the princes and emirs paid her the greatest respect, and even the Caliph honored her with his notice. Can it be wondered then, if she at times forgot herself? Flattery is indeed a rank weed, and leads many to folly, and perhaps to destruction. One day, after visiting the palace of the Caliph, she returned home more pensive than usual;

Zaide, a faithful attendant, and highly favored by her mistress, anxiously enquired the cause: 'Zaide,' cried the Princess, (blushing as she spoke) 'I am afraid I have faults.' 'Dearest lady,' returned the sincere slave, 'it is useless to deny that Alla's creatures are all frail, yet I confess I see no faults in you; but what has caused these reflections in you to-day?' 'I will tell you,' replied Selima (in a disconsolate tone of voice) 'as I left the palace of the Caliph, my father frowned on me, and cried, 'Selima, know thyself;' I am afraid I have committed some imprudent and indiscreet action this morning; I am in disgrace with my father, how then can I be happy? Yet I protest my errors are involuntary, and I receive so much praise, that I am not sensible when I commit them. How can I, dearest Zaide, after this? Would that I had a friend that could direct me; your love for me renders you blind to my failings, and I cannot commit the task to your keeping." While she yet spoke, she saw an old woman advancing towards her, which the more surprised the princess, as no one was suffered to enter her apartments without previously obtaining her permission. She was bent almost to the ground with age and deformity; her dress was the skins of beasts, and her hair was like the snakes of Golconda. In one hand she held a staff, which served her for a support, and in the other she carried a small mirror. 'Daughter of light,' cried she, 'I am the genie Kaptallah: I am desirous of granting you that power of knowing yourself, which but now you wished for. My extreme age has justly entitled me to wisdom superior to that of genii in general, and I am universally celebrated as the chief of our tribe. I have discovered your desires, and this mirror will gratify your utmost wishes; it will inform you of every failing that you commit; but take heed that you profit by the instruction that it conveys; the gifts of genii must not be bestowed in vain, and unless you reform the errors that at present throw a veil over your perfections, the mirror will prove a curse instead of a blessing to you; on your future actions will depend the favour of Kaptallah.' With these words she suddenly disappeared, leaving the mirror in the hands of the astonished Selima. 'This is indeed a gift, Zaide,' cried the princess, when she had a little recovered from her astonishment; 'I am determined that it shall accompany me wherever I go, since I shall need its information most when I think least of it. The genie may depend on my making proper use of it. In the mean time let refreshments be served in, as I expect several people on business in the afternoon.' Scarcely was the repast concluded, before Nourmahal, one of the slaves, desired admittance. 'There is a poor creature, lady,' she cried, 'who is almost dying with hunger at the gate; she asks not for alms, but

has lain herself down, praying that Alla may release her from her misery.' 'Do not teaze me now,' cried Selima, (who had been all this time viewing herself in her new mirror,) 'I have no liesure to attend to the wants of any one.' Scarcely had these words issued from her mouth, ere she beheld in her glass a turning billet bound round her brow, with this inscription: 'Selima is cruel.' She uttered a faint scream, and let the mirror fall; but so wonderful were its properties, that it was taken up without sustaining the least damage. The utmost attention was directed to be paid to the dying slave, and (with her mirror in her hand) the princess withdrew to examine some pearls which she had ordered Hassan Doulah, a celebrated jeweller, to procure for her. The pearls were extremely beautiful, and large as eggs; yet the chagrin of Selima at the unpleasant intelligence which the mirror had conveyed, made her express no approbation at what she saw, but she regarded them with the utmost indifference. The jeweller being greatly surprised and disappointed at her apathy, endeavoured to display the beauties of his merchandize. 'Peace,' cried the haughty fair, 'I will judge for myself, if you please.' At this moment, looking in her mirror, she beheld, 'Selima is proud.' She burst into tears, and ran out of the apartment; but sent Zaide to make the man ample compensation for the trouble he had undergone. 'I perceive, (said Selima, as she paced along the garden) that I have many faults which I never suspected myself of till now. This genie's mirror has discovered wonderful things to me; but having gained that knowledge, it would be doubly culpable in me did I not endeavour to amend my errors; and I am resolved to set about the task immediately.' At this moment a message was brought from Zobeide to her, desiring her company at a grand entertainment to be given by the Caliph that evening.

(To be continued.)

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Sullivan Sutherland, merchant, to Miss Margaret Noe, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Jacob Ely, Teacher, to Miss Jane Hardie, daughter of James Hardie, A. M.

At the same time, Mr. Aaron Ely, Teacher, to Miss Susan Smith, daughter of Mr. Richard Smith, clerk of the markets.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Townley, Mr. John Byrne, jun, to Mrs. Eleanor Dougherty, all of this city.

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DIED,

Suddenly, on Saturday evening last, of an apoplectic fit, Anthony Lispenard, esq. aged 32.

Last week, at the age of 100 years, Jane Bertrise, a native of Africa.

POETRY.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MAN OF WORTH.

LET others skill'd in epic song
Each valourous deed rehearse,
Or soar'd midst battle's ruthless throng
Chaunt high the blood-stain'd verse:
To gentler strains, from nature's lyre,
The votive muse gives birth;
Urg'd by a chaster, holier fire,
And sings The Man of Worth.

No trumpet sounds his hallowed name,
No pomp surrounds his gates—
No senseless fashion hands to fame
His chalked-floors, or fetes!
No principles debasing man,
No luxury taints his mirth—
Nor mad ambition warps the plan
Fram'd by The Man of Worth.

No labourer waiting at his door
Demands in vain his hire—
No livery'd locusts rob the poor
Of what their wants require.
No courtier he, of pliant knee,
Cringing to power, or birth—
Nor despot proud, nor rebel free,
Points out The Man of Worth.

No care-worn wretch by sorrow led,
Claims his support in vain;
Nor meagre want by promise fed,
Is banish'd with disdain.
No friend borne down by adverse fate,
Of kindness finds a dearth—
Nor jealous pride, nor envious hate,
Dwells with The Man of Worth.

No female, trusting to his vows,
Her easy faith deplores;
His love thro' honour's channel flows,
On virtue's pinions soars.
As lover, relative, and friend,
Dear ties! which bind to earth!
Trust me, ye fair! they ne'er can blend
But in The Man of Worth.

When fops shall flatter to deceive,
And passion urge its flame—
When specious love the sigh shall heave
And fond attention claim—
Ah! heed not thou the varied lure,
Offspring of sordid birth!
Nor deem thy tenderness secure,
Save, with The Man of Worth.

If blest with wealth, or rank, or power,
His liberal hand bestows
Aid in necessity's cold hour,
And heals her varied woes;
Or if mysterious fate denies
The meed of wealth or birth,
A richer boon the heart supplies,
To bless The Man of Worth.

Pity's warm tear! compassion's sigh!
Affection's softest charm!
Love-searching looks, which quick descry,
And the mute wish disarm!
Sweetners of life! soothers of care!
Gems of celestial birth!
Happy the female doom'd to share
These with The Man of Worth.

Then if my wayward fate bestows,
The recompensing hour;
And grants the liberty that flows
From bliss within our power;
Pity to heaven shall waft my prayer,
And plead, that while on earth,
This weary heart may rest from care,
Safe with The Man of Worth.

And when life's embers faintly glow,
When death prepares his sting—
When the tir'd arteries cease to flow,
Nor friends can succour bring:

When on the bosom faint I lie
Of him belov'd on earth,
The faultering prayer, and lingering sigh,
Shall bless The Man of Worth.

SONG,

Written by a son of the poet Burns, at the age of Fifteen.

HAE ye seen in a fresh dewy morning,
The wild warbling red-breast sae clear?
Or the low-dwelling, snow breasted gowan,
Surcharg'd with mild evening's soft tear?
Oh! then ye have seen my sweet lassie,
The lassie I loe best of a';
But oh! from the hame of my lassie
I'm many a long mile awa'.

Her hair is the wing of the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye of the dove,
Her lips are the mild blushing rosebud,
Her bosom's the palace of love;
Alas! when I sit down to study,
I now can do nothing at a';
My book I indeed keep my eyes on—
My thoughts are with her that's awa'.

Oh love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
The sweetest we mortals here know;
Ah! soon is thy heav'n brightly gleaming,
O'ercast wi' the dark clouds of wo;
Thus the moon on the dark changing ocean,
Delights the wan sailor's glad eye,
When red rush the storms of the ocean,
And the wild waves, dark, tumble on high.

MEMORY.

AT the mild close of dewy eve,
While the last sun-beam lingers near,
The wild and noisy throng I leave,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

When on the clear blue arch of heaven,
O'er the high trees the stars appear;
I love those hours to sorrow given,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

Oft to the dove's sad tales I list,
Drop to her fabled woes a tear,
And, careless of the night dew's mist,
I think of scenes to Memory dear.

Then as the full moon sails on high,
And brings to view the prospect drear,
Oft echo will repeat the sigh
That heaves for friends to Memory dear.

And when the close of life draws nigh,
The thoughts of them my heart shall cheer;
And my last fault'ring accents sigh
Peace, to the friends to Memory dear.

When o'er my form the green turfs swell,
If e'er my friends should wander near,
Will they in moving accents tell,
How died the friend to Memory dear.

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